

CONODAGUIN

OR THE

Buttonwood Tree

A FAVORITE BALLAD

Written & Respectfully Dedicated to

Miss Sallie A. Sample

By

A. LOUDON SNOWDEN

MUSIC BY

J. E. WINNER

<242>

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

1884

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

CONODAGUIN
OR THE
BUTTONWOOD TREE.

Words by A. LOUDON SNOWDEN.

Music by JOS. E. WINNER.

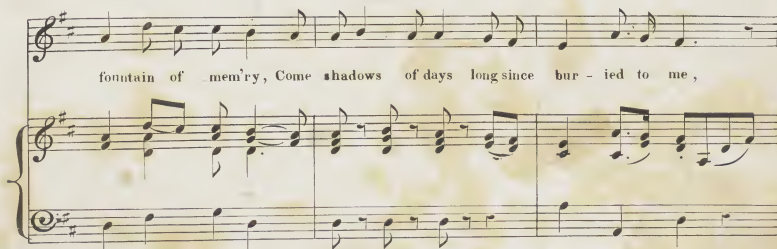
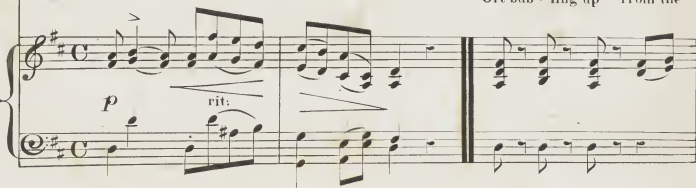
ANDANTE.

VOICE.



Of bub - ling up from the

PIANO.



When 'long thy green banks I joy - fully wander'd, And list to thy song 'neath the

But - tonwood tree. Ma - ny glad hearts that then drank in thy music, Now

slumber are si - lent from sor - row set free, Still thy waters glide on still thy

wild song is echoed, As of yore when we sat 'neath the

But - touwood tree.

Andante.

2^d Verse.

Those days have gone by so freighted with gladness, Thy waters still keep bubbling
on to the sea, The song you now sing to the maid and her lover is the
same I've oft heard 'neath the But - touwood tree. Roll on Indian Queen in thy
wild laughing beauty and murmur thy wild notes to others not me, For I
hear not their music I heed not their sweetness, As of yore when we sat 'neath the Buttonwood tree.
Conodaguin or Buttonwood tree. 4.

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